Sometime a blusterer that the ruffle knew
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
The swifteſt houres obſerued as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy faſtly drew:
And priuiledg'd by age deſires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So ſlides he downe vppon his greyned bat;
And comely diſtant ſits he by her ſide,
When hee againe deſires her, being ſatte,
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide:
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her ſuffering extaſie aſſwage.
Tis promiſt in the charitie of age.

Father ſhe ſaies, though in mee you behold
The iniury of many a blaſting houre;
Let it not tell your Iudgement I am old,
Not age, but ſorrow, ouer me hath power;
I might as yet haue bene a ſpreading flower
Freſh to my ſelfe, if I had ſelfe applyed
Loue to my ſelfe, and to no Loue beſide.

But wo is mee, too early I atttended
A youthfull ſuit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards ſo commended,
That maidens eyes ſtucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts ſhee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euery light occaſion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their ſilken parcels hurles,
Whats ſweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that ſaw him did inchaunt the minde:

For on his viſage was in little drawne,
What largeneſſe thinkes in parradiſe was ſawne.

Smal ſhew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like vnſhorne veluet, on that termleſſe skin
Whoſe bare out-brag'd the web it ſeem'd to were.
Yet ſhewed his viſage by that coſt more deare,
And nice affections wauering ſtood in doubt
If beſt were as it was, or beſt without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;
Yet if men mou'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to ſee,
When windes breath ſweet, vnruly though they bee.
His rudeneſſe ſo with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuery falſeneſſe in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would ſay
That horſe his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of ſubiection, noble by the ſwaie, (makes
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe what ſtop he
And controuerſie hence a queſtion takes,
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this ſide the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accompliſht in him-ſelfe not in his caſe:
All ayds them-ſelues made fairer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpoſ'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue